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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle.*



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. I. NO. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

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By Post, 1½d.

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Offices of "THE MINIM," 84 Newgate Street, London, E.C.,
AND OF MUSIC-SELLERS.



The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

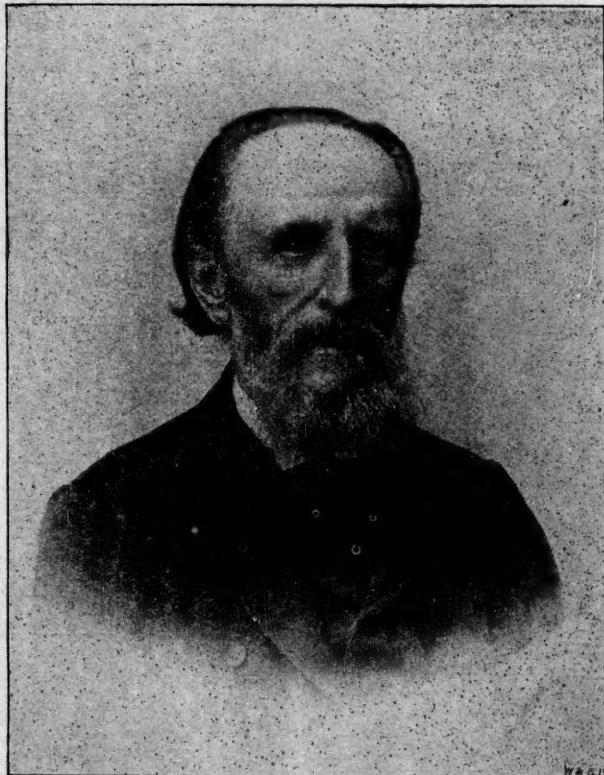
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

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Price, One Penny.
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MR. EBENEZER PROUT.

From a Photograph by Arthur Weston, 84 Newgate Street, London.

MR. EBENEZER PROUT.

To most amateurs the study of the theoretical in music is monotonous and uninteresting. Many entirely ignore it, or only master the very elementary rules, with the result that they never properly do, or will, appreciate the truly classical works.

Text-books innumerable have appeared on the subject, but the extremely dry and tedious style in which they have been written has conquered many would-be seekers after the truth.

The English people, therefore, owe a very great debt of gratitude to Mr. Ebenezer Prout. Four years ago he published his now well-known work on harmony. The style is clear and interesting, and there are many students of to-day who, had they relied on the older and more standard works, would never have reached the altitude which they have now attained. The study of theory has been Mr. Prout's life work, although he was not brought up to the musical profession.

His father, an Independent minister, held the view (a common one in those days) that music as a profession was incompatible with a respectable life. The subject of our sketch, however, held the totally opposite opinion, and was and always has been passionately fond of music. If his father wanted to punish Ebenezer he could not find a more terrible punishment than locking up the square piano. Herein lay the difference between Master Prout and the average child of to-day, who escapes its half hour's practising when possible.

"Up to the time that I was twenty-four," said Mr. Prout, "the only teaching I ever had was twelve lessons from a country organist."

"Who taught me harmony and theory?" "No one; and yet," he continued, casting a sympathetic look at his bookshelves, "I have had the best of all masters. Everything I know in the way of theory I have learnt from the scores of Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and Handel."

Mr. Prout could never settle down to hard, dry business. His father once said to him, "I would not give you fifty pounds a year as my clerk." The son, equal to the occasion, replied, "Well, father, I am quite sure I should not be worth it if you did."

He started his practical life as an usher at the age of seventeen, but even then spent his spare time promoting Boys' Bands, and, incredible as it may seem, before he was twenty, was thoroughly acquainted with all the scores of Handel's oratorios. Handel was his basis, so to speak, his foundation-stone, the Alpha of his musical knowledge. All his spare pocket-money was invested in the monthly numbers of Novello's editions, the score of "Athaliah" being the first volume of his now magnificent musical library.

At the age of twenty-three the ruling passion became too strong, and the usher's life was abandoned, and Mr. Prout entered the musical profession. In common with many others he found it a hard fight at first, but perseverance gained the day, and in 1860 he was appointed piano professor at the Crystal Palace School of Art. In the following year he succeeded Dr. Gauntlett as organist of Dr. Alton's Chapel at Islington, which post he held until 1873. Mr. Prout remembers his *début* there. The new organist had naturally been very careful to rehearse the hymns, etc., but on the morning of the Sunday on which he began his duties the news of the death of the late Prince Consort reached the English people, and, consequently, the whole of the music had to be altered.

In 1862 a further piece of good luck. The Society of British Musicians (now defunct) offered a prize for the best string quartet. The judges decided which was the best, and then, without announcement of the writer's name, the composition was played. Until the completion of the performance, no one was aware of the composer's name except the lucky man himself. It must have been a proud moment for the young composer to hear his Op. 1 (quartet for strings in E \flat) interpreted by such a splendid quartet as Messrs. Joachim, Piatti, Mellon and H. R. Webb.

In 1865 he also carried off first prize for a piano quartet (Op. 2, in C) offered by the same society.

Mr. Prout's compositions have often been heard at Sydenham; the first that was performed there being his organ concerto (1872), played by Sir John Stainer (then organist of St. Paul's).

Mr. Prout was also professor of harmony at the National Training School all the period of its natural life, and he holds a similar post at the Guildhall School of Music. In 1879 he succeeded Sir Arthur Sullivan in the same capacity at the Royal Academy of Music, and he is now also principal of the North-east London Institute of Music.

He conducted the Borough of Hackney Choral Association from 1876-90, and undertook this task chiefly for love of the art, producing such a list of the lesser known works of the great composers as has probably not been equalled by any choral society in England. Upon his resigning the post the association lasted one year longer, and then died a natural death. The well known cantata "Alfred," was composed for, and first performed by this society.

Another well-known work, the "Red Cross Knight," was written for the Huddersfield Choral

Society. Mr. Prout has also written many anthems, hymns, chants and other church music.

But, as we have mentioned before, it is the theoretical works by which Mr. Prout has become famous :—“ Harmony ” was published in 1889 ; “ Counterpoint (strict and free) ” in 1890 ; “ Double Counterpoint ” in 1891 ; “ Fugue ” in 1892 ; “ Fugal Analysis ” in 1892 ; “ Musical Form ” in 1893.

“ Applied Form ” he is now at work upon, and it is intended to conclude this gigantic series with two volumes on the orchestra.

Mr. Prout’s method of writing is not very novel, but it is as well, perhaps, just to mention how he does it, as his works are practically the standard authority, and such details may prove interesting. First, then, he makes a rough draft of what the chapter is to contain, and it may be just remarked in passing that so clear is he on his subject that he seldom, if ever, makes any additions to, or subtractions from this list. They are in no particular order, and then comes the work of writing out the matter in proper lucid form, each item being struck off, until the chapter is completed.

Mr. Prout’s “ copy ” is a boon to the composer. I saw sheet after sheet with absolutely no correction or erasure whatever. The same remark applies to his “ music copy.” This, especially in the former case, is wonderful when we remember the correctness of the language and quotations, but then Mr. Prout has the memory of one in a million.

His examples taken from the scores of the great masters (his library has the complete works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Mozart, Schubert and Wagner) seem as though they must have been waiting in front of his desk to be copied. But—and Mr. Prout himself told me—that several of the numerous

examples that fit in so nicely and seem as though written especially to illustrate his rules cost countless hours of search.

“ When I feel sure that the example which shows the rule I want to exemplify is in a score of Mozart’s, I am not contented until I have found it out, and very often have to run through nearly all Mozart has written to find it. But my memory is pretty good, I don’t often have such long hunts. But it is only for music that my memory is so good, I forget the ordinary affairs of life very quickly.”

“ I am sorry,” said Mr. Prout, as I was leaving, “ that I have not given you more interesting matter, but my life has been chiefly a record of hard work. I can’t invent new facts, and I am not, and never have been, a society man. I like a quiet game of chess, and am fond of my corn cob pipe (which I keep on all the evening with a few bars rest). Fashionable gatherings I abhor, or, at any rate, have no time to cultivate.”

I asked Mr. Prout if he often attended concerts.

He replied: “ Young man, if you had been editor of the “ Monthly Musical Record ” for four years, musical critic of the “ Academy ” for five, and spent ten years on the “ Athenæum,” you would be as tired of concerts as I am. If I want to hear a new work, I do so through the faculty of my eyes, and I can enjoy it quite as much as if I were present at an actual performance. Further, I get an ideal rendering ; no bad singers, no choir members joining in where they ought not, no unequal balance of chorus and orchestra, and no false notes.”

And, enjoying himself thus with a copy of one of Bach’s masterpieces, I left the great authority on musical theory.



LORD MACAULAY’S method of reading a book was as follows :—When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end.

A RATHER cynical toast after dinner runs thus : “ Woman—she requires no eulogy : she speaks for herself.”

THERE are 175,000,000 cells in the human lungs.

GEORGE WASHINGTON died the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, of the last month of the year, of the last year of the last century.

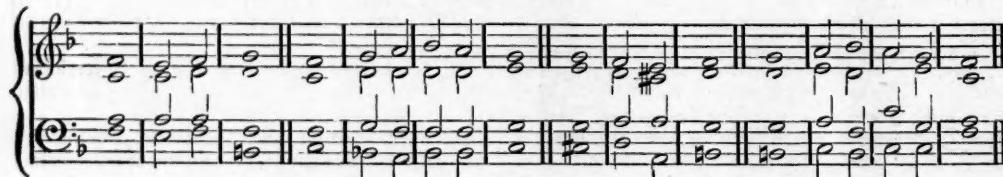
SHAVING was introduced among the Romans about B.C. 300. Pliny says Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved every day. Subsequently the first day of shaving was regarded by the Romans as the entrance upon manhood, and celebrated with great festivities.

DICKENS wrote “ Boz ” Sketches at 24 ; “ Pickwick,” 25 ; “ Oliver Twist,” 26 ; “ Nicholas Nickleby,” 27 ; “ Barnaby Rudge,” “ Old Curiosity Shop,” “ Master Humphrey’s Clock, 29 ; “ Martin Chuzzlewit,” 32 ; “ Dombey and Son,” 36.

A CATHEDRAL BOY'S FIRST HARMONY LESSON.

"Well, my precocious little man," said Dr. Scales, the cathedral organist, as he came down from the organ-loft one afternoon, the rays of the July sun streaming through the beautiful windows, and the closing strains of one of Bach's glorious fugues having scarcely done re-echoing through the aisles

of the vast building, evensong having but just ended; "and so I hear you have enriched the world of art with a chant—a double chant, too. Thank goodness, it is not a *kyrie* that has been perpetrated. Now, then, let's have a look at it."

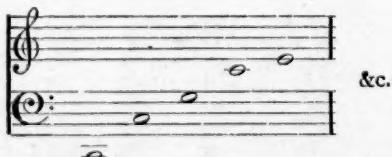


"Dear, dear," said the doctor, "what do I see? Run up to the organ-loft quick, and fetch my spectacles. I left them by the side of the organ, I think."

This errand having been accomplished, the doctor continued:—"Ha! Nowell in F major. Aged nine years old. Well, very good for a first attempt; but now, listen, and we will cut it to pieces, leaving the melody intact, however; perhaps we may alter that too."

"Oh! please, sir," said the young composer, "don't alter the melody, whatever you do. I like it very much, and Archie Crotchet, who sang the solo this afternoon in the anthem, said he liked it better than some of the musty, fusty old chants by Brownsmithe, Cooke, Goodson and other patriarchs, although the harmonies did not seem right somehow." "Oh, but I must talk to Master Crotchet if he makes light of the old masters like that. Dear, dear, what degenerate days we live in. Well, now for the chant.

"Do you know any of the rules of harmony at all?" "No, sir," said Harry, "except something about fifths and octaves." "Well, what about them?" "Why, you may not have them." "What?" said the doctor, "how could you do without them? Nature herself gives them to us. See here, when a C is sounding, it also sounds the octave and after that the fifth.



"These are called *harmonics*, and their varied presence or absence produces the various qualities of tone that you notice. There are, of course,

more of them, but we will leave them for the present. No, it is *consecutive octaves and fifths* that are forbidden. Well, now let us take the first section of the chant. We will determine that common chords in their original position only shall be used all through.



"Look what I have marked. Two cases of consecutive octaves in the first two bars. These must be taken out. We keep the melody. Shall the bass go to A below? Not well. This would be a skip of a major sixth, which is not very good, and, besides, it would produce with the treble *hidden fifths*, i.e., approaching a fifth by *similar motion* in outer parts, which is only allowed in certain cases, as you will learn later on. But now, suppose we go to C; this will be better. And let the tenor go to G. We then get our common chord and preserve our melody. There is another thing to remark also. Your second chord is a *second inversion*. The root of it is A, i.e., the third of the key—F major. This is not allowed. The only common chords that can be taken in the second inversion are those of the key-note, the fourth note and the fifth note, i.e., in this key, F, B-flat, C."

Here a merry twinkle came into Harry's bright eyes, as if the thought passed through his mind, "I've got the doctor now," and he said, "Oh, but please, sir, Mr. Knowall says that *all* common chords can be used in their second inversion, and he says also that Mr. Prout agrees with him." (Mr. Knowall is a local celebrity and plays the organ at the workhouse a little way out of the city.)

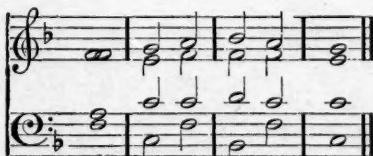
"My little man," said the doctor, "you listen to me. Little boys must learn to walk before they can run, and for the present you must keep to the rule I have told you. Later on, no doubt, you will far outstrip Mr. Knowall and several others I could name, but only by work and patience and a *proper respect* for those who are *really* your superiors will you do it. Well, we have nearly mended section number one. We will let the parts all return to where they were before, retaining the melody, you see; but we must alter the last chord; yours is ugly. We don't want anything ugly in music—our divine and beautiful art—do we? We must have a common chord and keep the melody or let the bass go to C. Then we have this:—



"This is a little better now, don't you think so, my little man? Well, let us now take section number two of *your* version of the chant.

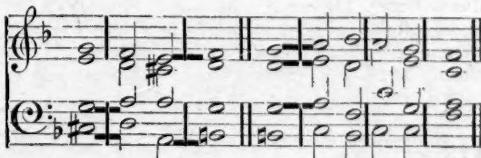


"Here you see we have some of our old friends, octaves and a fifth bringing up the tail. We must get these out. But, first of all, our chord number one here is dreadful; a bare fourth. Nothing could be worse. When you get to counterpoint you will know that to even mention a fourth is almost the unpardonable sin in that branch of music. Let us re-write this passage—keeping the melody—and using only the chords we have determined upon:—



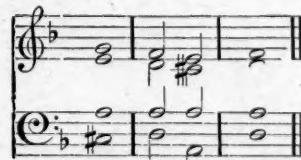
"This is better, is it not? Notice the fine, bold effect of the fourth chord on B_b. All the octaves and fifths have vanished, 'like as the smoke vanisheth.' My little chorister knows where that is, doesn't he? Well, now we will take the rest of the chant, because I see that my little mannie has

been very clever, and he has composed a chant *per recte et retro*. So the melody must be kept now, at all costs."



"Oh, but please, sir, in your correct version of the previous section you have what you called hidden fifths in the last two chords."

"There's a good boy," said the doctor, "I was waiting to see if that remark would come. Well, this is a case where they are allowed. They are allowed in the progression from the chord on the key-note to the chord on the fifth of the key. This is the case here, as you see. Also from the chord on the fourth of the key to the chord on the key-note. In both cases the upper note (*i.e.*, the treble) must only move by step of a second. These two rules will suffice for the present. At bar three we have a discord of the seventh. This is in the first inversion. The original position would have been G in the bass. F, being the dissonant note, must fall; you have lost it altogether. However, we will pass over this, as it is a little beyond you at present. But see! between bars four and five we have octaves between treble and tenor, and fifths between tenor and alto. How dreadful! These will quickly go. But look at the first chord. You are now in the key of D minor, and there is no common chord on the leading C[#] because of the diminished fifth. So this must go. We *can* alter it by making the tenor sing A and not G. Let us do so. We will also alter the fourth chord, which is ugly; and now we have this:—



"This would be correct; but we shall not keep it for a reason to be seen later on. Those consecutive diminished-and perfect fifths also must be avoided. Again, in your version of the last half of the chant you have let the alto go up to A in last bar but one." "Oh, but please, sir, I thought this would be a good note for Mr. Thynne to sing. I could hear him in my head singing it when I wrote it." "Very good," said the doctor, "but it is here wrong. Notice the *progression* of the alto.

It is like going up two stairs and falling down seven. Then to let the trebles go to G after the alto has been singing A, *the note above it*, is bad. It is what we call the 'overlapping of parts.' Then the E in last chord but one is the leading note as we call it, and this must *rise*."

"But please, sir, Bach does not always make it rise. I have noticed that."

"Very good, my little man; but in Bach's day the leading note was not so sensitive as it has since become. It is now *very near* to the key-note, and so you must always make it rise. We will

"Now look what we have got. The third section is the same as the first section read or played *backwards*; the fourth section is the same as the second section read or played *backwards*. My little mannie has been clever enough to write this melody. He has shown himself to have imagination and an anxiety to write effectively for the voice. He has also shown himself to be of a properly inquiring turn of mind and is unwilling to

now write our second half of the chant thus:—

"Now I think we have got nearly to the end of our lesson. Let us write out the chant complete and see what it is like:—

take things for granted. Now you must begin harmony properly with me. Work hard and steadily and you will get on. Later on you will see how to improve this chant. But I am so proud of my little songster and curly-headed artist that I think we must put this chant down in the service list for next Sunday. It will do very well for that afternoon. Now, be off,—I want my tea."



PRIZE COMPETITION.

We are pleased to offer our readers a prize of one guinea for the most correct answers to the questions on the coupon below.

In this case competitors themselves will act as judges, *i.e.*, we shall simply add up the total number of votes given each name on all the papers sent in, and the competitor whose coupon contains or most nearly contains the six names to which the greatest number of votes has been given will receive the guinea.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to:—

1. The coupon below must be filled in and received at our London office, 84 Newgate Street, E.C., not later than the 20th of February, the outside of the envelope marked "competition."

2. As it is our intention to limit the competition to genuine and regular subscribers to this magazine, 1/6 (in stamps or P.O.) as a year's subscription to the paper must be enclosed with the coupon. This amount we shall forward to the local publisher of "The Minim."

3. In the envelope must also be enclosed another sealed envelope containing on the outside the motto chosen by the competitor (and which also appears on the coupon), and inside, the name and address of the competitor.

Should more than one absolutely correct answer paper be received, preference will be given to the one first opened.

COUPON.

i.	The most popular living Composer?.....
ii.	" " " Pianist?
iii.	" " " Lady Vocalist?
iv.	" " " Male Vocalist?
v.	" " " Violinist?
vi.	" " " Comedian?
<i>Motto</i> _____	

"O LOVING HEART, TRUST ON!"

Words by HENRY C. WATSON.

Music by L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

VOICE.

Andante moderato.

1. There are
2. That hap - py

thoughts which come from hea - ven To calm all pain, all pain and strife, As dew falls
thought shed o'er my life,..... A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sun-light

cres. f espress.

on gilds the parched flow'r To nur-ture it, to nour-ish it to life: There came to
the night's dim clouds, Ere breaks, ere breaks the glo-rious day: My soul is

me a hap - py thought, One morn when hope seem'd gone, It whisper'd
bathed in sun - shine bright, All gloom - y dreams are gone, For that hap-py

Feb., 1894.

After 2nd Verse.

calando.

p pp ppp

Our next issue will contain a fac-simile letter of Gounod's, never before published, a Musical Charade suitable for amateur representation or Breaking-up Parties, and Articles on "My Masters" (by a Student), "My Pupils" (by a Master), "Household Music," "A Popular Idol" and "Touch, Tone, and Technique" (crowded out of the present number).

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"ART is long, and time is fleeting" sings Longfellow in his "Psalm of Life;" a common-place remark, perhaps, but nevertheless a true one, which can hardly too often be reiterated in these days of "push" and "competition." A one-who-thought-himself-up-to-date young man once said in our hearing, "Art is bosh! give me bread and cheese!" Well, certainly art cannot subsist on humbler fare, and we strongly suspect that our hero's modest aspirations are all he deserves, but, for all that, we fear that his sentiments are not solitary ones. This mercantile attitude towards music by the bulk of the "nation of shopkeepers" is one of the chief causes of its comparative failure; too many of us are, perhaps, sadly lacking in appreciation of the beautiful in art, and, substituting ambition for æsthetics, seek to gratify our vanity or enrich our pockets only. We, however, believe that truth to art is not incompatible with good business principles, and that, in the long run, those faithful to a high ideal and possessing tact and method in pressing towards it will have a fuller reward than any "bread and cheese" policy can possibly attain. Readers of "The Minim," you can do much to further the "Golden Age" for music! Do it!



THE phenomenon of thirteen trumps in a hand at whist occurred in the United Service Club at Calcutta on the 9th January, 1888. A judge and three physicians were the players, and they and the witnesses made due record of it. The pack was perfectly shuffled and cut, and the dealer held the hand, turning up the knave of clubs. Pole has calculated that the chance of this event occurring is one in 158,750,000,000.—*New York Sun*.

GRAY's immortal Elegy occupied seven years in writing.

THE average watch is composed of 175 different pieces.

THERE are about 18,000 newspaper and periodicals in the United States.

SEEING AND HEARING.

It is a curious fact, although perhaps not commonly observed, that most people are naturally gifted to a certain degree in one of two ways to the partial exclusion of the other. Either they are keen of sight and observant of what goes on around them in the world, or else they are quick of hearing and retentive in mind of anything that is said in conversation. When mentally reviewing one's circle of acquaintance it is frequently the case that several of its "segments" will be found to possess one or other of the above qualifications in a marked degree, whilst, of course, a few have both. An hour's stroll in the company of a couple of friends, with the intent of applying certain tests in support of one's theory, unknown of course to the subjects under examination, would probably give some interesting results. For instance, given a locality equally familiar to both as to inhabitants, customs, &c., and from which both had been absent for some time, it would probably be observed that A was particularly quick to notice any small alterations in or additions to the general appearance of streets, shops and inhabitants, whilst B would far more readily recollect any remarks made in conversation on the last occasion they visited the place in question, bearing on the very same points of difference which A's keener powers of observation had detected. In short, the brain in one case is far more retentive of impressions made through the medium of the eye than of those made through the ear, and *vice versa* in the other case.

Or, to give an illustration bearing more particularly on the musical aspect of the case, two people go to hear an opera for the first time, and any previous knowledge of it has been gleaned by both from the same source, say newspaper reports. On comparing notes afterwards it would most probably be found that B's recollections were more particularly of a musical character, that his memory would retain the effects produced on his mind of certain airs or choruses, and perhaps the instrumentation of some passages, and that he could even quote some phrases which specially pleased him, whilst A would be able to depict more vividly the scenic effects, grouping, points of clever stage management, and generally those details which appeal more to the eye than to the ear.

Let us apply the argument to vocal music. How many really first-rate singers could be mentioned who, although gifted by nature with a magnificent organ which has been carefully cultivated and brought to a high degree of perfection, are singularly inefficient in ability to *read music at sight*? The general public, when applauding some popular favourite after a splendid rendering of this or that well-known scene or air, little think how laborious

the efforts have been on the part of the singer to master its *mental*, as distinct from its *physical*, difficulties. It frequently happens that hours of patient labour are spent in learning *by ear* passages that another less liberally gifted by nature as to vocal powers would with but little difficulty read at sight correctly. At this point the very natural question suggests itself,—Is it possible to learn how to read at sight, so as to obviate the necessity of spending so much time and labour in committing to memory what others are able to interpret with ease? This is an important and interesting question, but one the answer to which scarcely comes within the limits of this article.*

In the case of an instrumentalist, the ability to hear what is seen and see what is heard is of course of great advantage to the possessor in enabling one to give what is called a "rendering"; with mediocre artists, however, the want of it is not always keenly felt because the difficulties to be overcome are principally of a mechanical type; and with many manual dexterity is of greater importance, *prima facie*, than aught else.

When applied to the higher branches of the art it will be found that each of these capacities to retain the impression made upon the brain is—*per se*—valuable, but the student who aspires to conquer the topmost heights of the musical Parnassus must possess both, or "Love's labour" will be lost."

It is not enough to have such keenness of ear as to detect a false note amongst a mass of others when struck or sung; one must be able to hear the same mentally when studying the printed score. Nor is the knowledge that such and such a chord on paper is structurally incorrect alone sufficient; the mind must be able to realise the effect produced when played or sung.

It is when the student has reached one of the highest branches of the art, viz., orchestration, that the value of these powers becomes so marked; in fact, they are absolutely essential; without them none can hope to succeed—far less excel—as a symphonic composer or conductor.

Mr. Prout (whose photograph appears in this number), in his masterly little treatise on "Instrumentation," lays great stress on these acquirements, and, in addition, gives some useful practical hints as to the best manner of cultivating and improving them. His work is too well known in the musical world to need any recommendation in these pages, but all who peruse this or any other work of a similar character cannot fail to realise how indispensable to the study of music in the highest forms is the power to combine Nature's two great gifts (denied, alas! to some) of "Seeing and Hearing."

* Curiously enough, some remarks bearing on this very point will be found on page 77.—ED.

ANTICIPATION V. REALISATION.

BY A MANY-SIDED GENIUS.

That the pleasures of anticipation exceed those of realisation is a fact endorsed by every one's experience. Who of us has not, at some time in his life, concentrated all the powers of his imagination and all his hopes on an event which was to be the climax of his existence? When it came to pass he has been disappointed. The pleasure we anticipated may have been, and nearly always is, as great as we imagined it would be, but there has been an element of dissatisfaction in it; the truth is, *we* have failed, we have played ourselves false; when the crowning point of our life came we were unable to appreciate it.

This by way of preface—now for bare, bold facts. In the winter of—well, never mind the year—the crowning point (or so I imagined it to be, for *other* hopes had failed me) of my life came.

It came about in this way. I received a letter from a fellow asking me to recite at a concert he was getting up in aid of the funds of a hospital. The letter went on to say that he had been recommended to apply to me by a member of the elocution class to which I belonged. This gentleman (I afterwards learnt his name and found he was one whom I—in short, we did not *love* each other) had spoken very highly of my powers, etc., etc. The writer therefore hoped my numerous (?) engagements would permit me to accept this additional (?) one, and requested that I would speedily send him the titles of my pieces. Needless to say, I determined to take this opportunity of planting my feet on the ladder of fame. I might never again have such a chance. To recite at a *good* concert! (for the names on the programme were those of folk well known in the musical world). To receive an honorarium! To take my place as an artist! To have the opening I had longed for placed within my reach! It would be impossible to describe the state of tremulous excitement this letter threw me into. It is true I had on several occasions recited before the class and at minor entertainments, and, although I have never been positively hissed, yet I had noticed that people did not seem greatly impressed by my voice or gesture, and had even evinced a strong reluctance to hear me again. Still I felt that they did not appreciate me, *I* knew that when a great occasion (such as this promised to be) arose I should do well. I felt that great dramatic talent was latent in me. My voice was universally pronounced good, but critics were either silent or harsh on other little points. However, we know critics are an ignorant and prejudiced class of people.

What to recite was my difficulty. Shakespeare? no, I felt a little nervous about *him*. Tennyson?

no. He always went down well, but "The May Queen" was overdone, also "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "King Arthur" scarcely popular enough. "The Light Brigade" was stirring, but people generally said that for a *first* attempt, and so I passed all my favourite pieces and authors in review before me, and finally selected "King Robert of Sicily," which would enable me to air my Latin and show my audience that I had had a classical education, and "The Bishop and the Caterpillar." This question settled, I despatched my answer and then set to work to perfect myself. Early and late I recited. I neglected my usual pleasure. I cared nothing for my toilette. I rose early to declaim "King Robert." I shouted, stamped, raved and posed until the maid, who was generally the only other inmate of the house stirring at that unearthly hour, declared "that she couldn't go down them dark cellar-stairs alone, Mr. Edward made her that nervous a-shoutin' and a-stampin'."

In the evening, and even until the house was dark and quiet, as a light conclusion to the labours of the day I practised "The Bishop and the Caterpillar." I strove to imitate the episcopal urbanity and bland dignity and language of all the prelates I had ever seen or heard of, and I felt I was not *altogether* unsuccessful! The aforesaid maid was overheard telling a friend, "Mr. Edward beat Irving, that he do." Then I thought that feeble praise, now I feel that Irving was libelled! But a week before the great day my troubles began. I caught cold, not an ordinary tractable cold, but a heavy, obstinate one, of the n's-into-d's and m's-into-b's species. I tried gruel and hot water, linseed poultices, quinine, carbolic smoke-ball, nitre, camphor, Beecham's pills, vapour baths, smelling-salts, castor oil, seidlitz powders, compound rhubarb pills, but all were unavailing. However, in spite of my complaint and its remedies, which truly were worse than the disease, I still practised. I could say them straight off, backwards, from the middle, half-way down, then right-about-face; in fact, I knew them perfectly. I had no fear of my memory.

The evening came at length. I got home from the office an hour earlier than usual. I donned my new dress-suit, fresh for the occasion. I took a long time dressing, and when finished I felt the result fully repaid me for my trouble and expense. That my coat was somewhat tight and my nose fiery red were matters of small moment. I could afford to rise above externals.

I left home in good spirits, or, rather, I forced myself to believe that I was; but a little quivery feeling about the region of my top waistcoat button would make itself obtrusive. After getting into a

wrong train I finally reached the hall some time before my turn came, just early enough to become a prey to nervousness. I talked commonplaces to the other artistes with a sickly smile on my lips and a sinking feeling in my heart. I resolutely refrained from looking out into the audience; I preferred to flash on them like a brilliant meteor.

At length the great moment came! How lightly and gaily I tripped up the platform steps! How gracefully did I bow! bending like a poplar before an easterly gale. (That bow had a disastrous effect, for at that moment I heard a faint, very faint *ripping* sound). Then, in a voice full of majestic solemnity, I began :

"Kid Rober' of Sicily." A giggle followed that announcement. I tried again.

"Kid Rober' of Sicily." That abominable cold. I sneezed, and then rip, rip went that coat. However, I remembered "the ladder of fame" and went on.

"Rober' of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbaid," and so on, warming as I proceeded, until giving, or trying to give, the Latin sentence with a full sonorous roll. I stopped at "Deposit" —tried not to sneeze—"Deposit," still that wretched sneeze would not come. "Deposit," "Teeshoo!!" Smiles in the audience. "Teeshoo!!" "Try again," a voice called out. I scowled and went on (I had certainly added to my cold by sitting in a draught, and after each sneeze I heard that ominous ripping). "Deposit potedes, De sede, ed exaltavid hubiles," but, horrors! those sneezes had upset my memory. I felt my lines as well as my courage oozing out at my—well, at the seams of my new dress-coat; at every gesture a stitch seemed to give way.

The second stanza was something after this sort :

"Whed he awoke it was—it was—it was already digit, the church was ebty—ad—ad (pause) there was do light—do light (pause)—

"Save where the says (pause), save where—the—where the—*lals* (with great emphasis) that glibbered few and faid—few and faid (voice sinking), few and faid (pianissimo), lighted a little said—a little said—lighted a little sub" (cold perspiration

bathed my brow). A voice from the audience, "Lighted a little space." I proceed with fresh vigour, "Lighted a little space before sub said." "Now for it," I thought, "great dramatic action." Rip—rip—rip—went my coat.

"He started frob his seat," heavens! it was gone. "His seat started—he started—his frob—he started frob his seat" (I feel that this is nearly my last gasp) "ad gazed aroud!" At this unlucky moment I "gazed around" and encountered the eyes of my idol—my cold, hard-hearted Louise! She was sitting exactly in front, looking at me, as I thought, scornfully. *That* was the climax—that she should be there, should hear my frantic efforts and see my agonised attempts. It was *too* much. I forgot "Kid Rober," I forgot "the ladder of fame," the waiting audience, the next line—I forgot everything! A voice said, "You've gazed aroud long enough." That settled me. With one bound I cleared the steps I had mounted so gaily ten minutes before, and I fled! Fled like a hunted slave or an escaped convict. Hatless, coatless, I ran, until a hand was laid on my arm. I tried to shake it off, but ineffectually. Impatiently I turned. It was her brother. "Brought your hat and coat; she wished me to. Sorry you're ill." And he went off grinning. Slowly I put on my forgotten garments. Sadly I enquired my whereabouts, but, oh! the tumult in my head and heart. *She* had thought for me! Was it in kindness or scorn? I feared to think it kindness! I could not think it scorn! "Miserable wretch," I groaned, "Deposit potentes," truly. How had I failed! Failed! Failed!! and that she should be there! I ground my teeth, and strode on—on—and on—and on—until I found myself outside a railway station, and heard "Speshul, sir? third edishun, speshul, syah." Those limpid accents brought me to my senses. I went home—and—I had influenza for a week after. My coat was ruined.

* * * * *

I never recited again in public, and the crowning event of my life will transpire in a few weeks, when I shall make Louise my wife.

—————*—————*

NEITHER Haydn or Mozart used trombones in their symphonies. Mozart employs them most effectively, however, in "Il Don Giovanni" and "Il Flauto Magico."

THE gold-beaters of Berlin at the Paris Exposition showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch. Yet each leaf was so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable to the strongest electric light.

ACCORDING to a continental paper, the average consumption of tobacco per head per annum is in the Netherlands over 7 pounds; in Russia, 1·2 pounds; in Great Britain and Ireland, 1·34 pounds. The United States has a greater proportion than any European country excepting the Netherlands. It amounts there to 4½ pounds per inhabitant.

Every man has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

SIGHT-SINGING.

There are several systems advocated by various educationists for the purpose of acquiring the power of singing at sight. These are the "Hullah" or "fixed Do" system (founded upon that of Wilhelm), the "movable Do" system, the "tonic sol-fa" system, and the "Chevé" system. There are also others founded more or less upon the principles of some of these, but upon which it is not now necessary to dwell. It may be noted that occasionally people are found who seem to sing music at sight by what appears to be intuition, and who say they have never studied any system; as a matter of fact, however, these persons are usually gifted with a specially good ear and, having had much experience in singing to an instrument and with others, *unconsciously* adopt the same general rules, and act on the same general principles as others adopt *consciously* and methodically, with more certain results.

The "fixed Do" system has the merit of apparent simplicity and is still widely used. At one time it was largely cultivated in England, but its results were disappointing, and it has yearly fewer followers. Starting with the general proposition that there are but 8 notes in a scale, it applied the syllables do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si to not only the first 7 notes of the scale of C, but to all others occupying the same lines and spaces; thus the following passage would be *sol-fa-ed* in the same way whichever key it was in, and despite the fact that the intervals are different in each case:—



No wonder that, though sundry modifications and improvements of the system have been proposed, its radical defects have prevented its wide adoption and practical success.

The other systems, though differing in detail, do not contain the fatal error associated with the "fixed Do" method—that of calling quite different intervals by the same name. The tonic sol-fa and Chevé methods have, however, the disadvantage of employing a different system of notation to that universally established and used by all the great composers, and so rendering necessary the "translation" of music from the old to the new notation for all who are not proficient in both. It is, however, quite possible to combine the good points of these systems with the undoubted merits of the old

notation in such a manner as to obtain results possible to neither system taken separately.

The uninitiated may enquire why it is necessary to have any system of sight-singing at all, as the composer has written out certain notes, and all one has to do is to sing C sharp, G sharp, E sharp and so on, whatever may be indicated. To do this successfully would require the possession of a very rare faculty—the perception of absolute pitch; and as the staff notation adapts itself more to the needs of the instrumentalist than the vocalist, some system of naming the notes in such a way as to recall the sounds is absolutely necessary. (The symbols relating to the length of notes present no difficulty, and we need make no special reference to them).

Sedley Taylor, M.A., member of the board of musical studies in Cambridge University, says:—"The musical notation in ordinary use evidently takes for granted a scale consisting of a limited number of fixed sounds; moreover, it indicates directly *absolute pitch* and only indirectly *relative pitch*. In order to ascertain the interval between any two notes on the stave, we must go through a little calculation involving the clef, the key signature and, perhaps, in addition, accidental sharps or flats. Now these are complications which, if necessary in pianoforte music, are perfectly gratuitous in the case of vocal music. The voice only wants to be told on what note to begin, and what intervals to sing afterwards."

All that is necessary then, briefly, having fixed the notes of the major scale firmly in our mental ears, and having associated with them certain names, such as the syllables, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la and si, is to apply these names to the scale of C and its various transpositions. All scales are alike excepting in pitch, and having fairly learnt the syllables and their associated sounds, there will be no difficulty in using them in combination with the old notation. The key-note will be called Do, the second note of the scale Re, and so on. Temporary modulations and chromatics may be indicated by modifications of the syllables themselves, *i.e.*, raised notes may be shown by the substitution of *e* for the last vowel, and flat notes by the substitution of *a*. Longer modulations will be called by their proper scale names. The minor scale will for practical purposes be regarded as a portion of its relative major, and such of its notes as are common to both will be called by the same names. In order to find which note is to be called Do, all that is necessary is, in the case of keys with sharps in the signature, to regard the key-note as the note one semitone above the sharp farthest to the right hand; in the case of keys with flats in the signature, to regard the key-note as the note four notes below

the flat farthest to the right-hand. If there are no flats in the signature, the key-note is to be regarded as *C*. If there be any modulation to distant keys, it will be indicated by the presence of their characteristic notes appearing as accidentals, and, when the key-note has been discovered, the sol-fa syllables will be applied as before.

Hand-in-hand with facility in naming notes and singing them must be cultivated the faculty of recognising them when heard. The training of the ear is quite as important as the training of the eye, and it may be taken as a general rule that any person able to correctly assign the sol-fa syllables to a melody which he or she hears, will also be able to correctly sing the same melody expressed in notation. In a word, the brain must be trained to, as it were, mentally hear the passage which it sees only, as well as to see in imagination what it hears only.

To obtain this desirable result, one should commence with learning the syllables and becoming able to say them quickly upwards and downwards ;

then chords and intervals from one note to another should be taken. This should be done in connection with an aid to the ear by the addition of an appeal to the eye thus :—

- 8. Do }
7. Si }
- 6. La
- 5. Sol
- 4. Fa }
- 3. Mi }
- 2. Re
- 1. Do

The semitones (indicated by brackets) should be thoroughly recognised and understood. Then hymn tunes, etc., may be utilised ; at first the sol-fa syllables can be added in pencil. We subjoin a melody marked in accordance with our recommendations, which can be sung easily by any trained as above advised, but which, it is not too much to say, would prove a "flooder" to any fixed Do-ist under the sun :—

NOTES BY NEMO.

I was "crowded out" last month ; and so, though I can't profess to pass in review all the musical events at which I have assisted since I wrote, I shall have to go back some time to touch upon a few of the most deserving of notice. Though I had an invitation to the "Private View" of the new "Queen's Hall" in Langham Place, I was unable to be present. I had had a long railway journey that evening, and as it was pouring in torrents when I reached my terminus, I felt that a snug arm-chair in "Home, sweet home" was "about my mark" in preference to more music, even though "a little dance" followed. I have, however, since had an opportunity of testing the suitability of the new hall for the various purposes for which it is intended, and I am bound to say that it is a success, though to the performers themselves the excellent acoustical properties of the large concert-room may not be so apparent. The numerous exits and entrances led to at least one amusing *contretemps* on the opening night, when, amongst other things, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was given. A stalwart commissionaire, who, if not endeavouring to "serve God and Mammon," was attempting the almost equally difficult

task of serving two doors at once, discovered a gentleman disappearing at one entrance, while he was engaged at another. The vigilant janitor was, however, not to be out-done ; and few of the audience inside knew what pains and perils their excellent organist, Mr. W. G. Wood, passed through before he was permitted to take his seat at the noble instrument the "Queen's Hall" possesses!

Choral and Orchestral Concerts have been in full swing, and not a few excellent ones have been given. Performances of the "Messiah" have been specially frequent both in concert-room and church ; but why are such interesting numbers as "And He shall purify," "His yoke is easy," "Thou art gone up on high," and "He shall break their bonds" so constantly omitted ? Surely not on account of their difficulty ! Even if the "Messiah" is too long to hear in its entirety, these might be occasionally given in place of some of those now usually included ; thus attracting a few of those who rarely go to the conventional performances. Provincial societies are in this respect ahead of some of our London ones. The break-neck speed of some of the Handel selections, too, are taken at deserves comment ; such quick time is against all Handel

tradition, as well as opposed to the spirit of the music. As Professor Ernst Pauer observes of pianoforte solos, "to play Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith' in the same style as Thalberg's 'Home, sweet home' would be anachronism."

The concerts of the Westminster Orchestral Society deserve every encouragement, for two reasons; firstly, because it is an organisation working more for art than for profit; and, secondly, because it makes a point of bringing forward British composers and executants; and what numbers of these, able and accomplished, there are who only need opportunity to make their talent widely known, no one is more aware than myself. Executants like Miss Llewela Davies and Mr. Ferdinand Weist Hill principally require experience to belong to the first rank; while composers like Mr. Banister and others, if living in any other country than England, would receive the recognition their merits deserve. Truly prophets are not without honour, save in their own land.

Christmas has come and gone with a shorter recess than usual, and many more concerts have

been given in January than is often the case. Panomime, however, reigns supreme in Sydenham; and it is a somewhat saddening sight to see orchestral players, whose normal atmosphere is Brahms, Wagner or Schumann, fiddling to clown and pantaloons, or performing dogs, even though the strains themselves are in Mr. Oscar Barrett's own clever kaleidoscopic vein, and far removed from the generally low level of the ordinary theatrical "hurry."

The "musical event of 1894," according to the advertisements in the daily papers, is to be a "Concert Recital" of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," by an octet of concert-room and operatic artists, band and chorus, on January 20th. What will our Continental friends think of this?

I am afraid this letter is, for me, a very pessimistic one! Well, it is not long since Christmas, and allowance must be made for one's digestion. By next month I shall doubtless have recovered my usual optimistic tone, and be prepared to see some good in everything, even in waits, Christmas boxes, and tradesmen's bills!

10th January, 1894.



MOST of Handel's overtures are constructed on the form known as the French form, rather than on the Italian method associated with Scarlatti. This is somewhat remarkable, considering how greatly Handel was influenced by Italian art. The Lully overture always begins with a slow, stately movement, followed by a quicker movement, generally in the fugal style, succeeded often by another slow movement, perhaps a modification of the first.

THE precursor of the sonata was the suite, from which, however, it differs in the important respect that the various movements in the latter are in the same key, while in the sonata they are not.

THE long sustained note known as a "pedal" in musical composition is almost invariably used on the tonic or dominant of the key. Schumann, however, in his "Rhenish" symphony employs one on the mediant.

THE clarinet was invented by Denner, of Nuremberg, about 1700. Originally made of boxwood, later it was constructed of cocoa-wood. Now it is often made of ebonite. Though it is one of the most important instruments in a modern orchestra, it was not used by the older masters, Mozart being one of the earliest to employ it regularly, though even he did not use it invariably. Only five of his symphonies contain clarinet parts.

WE must all make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made, both in France and Sweden, which show this to be the case; and in the latter country the record tells us that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449, out of 494 the sheep eats 387, out of 474 the horse eats 262, and out of 243 the pig eats 72 only.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HERE is an unique specimen of a death certificate tendered by a native Indian apothecary: "I think she died or lost her life for want of food, or on account of starvation, and, perhaps, for other things of her comfortables; and, most probably, she died of drowning."

SOME THINGS WRONGLY NAMED.—A titmouse is a bird. Baffin's Bay is not a bay. Sealing-wax contains no wax. Blind worms have eyes and can see. Irish stew is unknown in Ireland. Dutch clocks are made in Germany. German silver is not silver at all, or of German origin, but it has been in use in China for centuries.

THE words round and catch were at first used synonymously. They are both a kind of canon in unison. The first printed collection is of the date 1609.

SPUDDYGUCK.

I held, when I was twenty-three,
A pastorate near Drowsylea,
And from its sleepy population
There strayed into my congregation
An orphan waif, named Spuddyguck,
Who told me he was "down in luck."
Miss Grimgag then required a boy,
And took him into her employ.
This lady thought it meritorious
To be officious and censorious ;
She was intrusive, insincere,
Stern, Pharasaic, and severe :
No member of my congregation
Caused me such trouble and vexation.
When Spuddyguck had worked for her
Two days, he came and said, "Oh, sir,
Miss Grimgag's cross, and says that she
Won't have no wicked boys like me,
Because I sang a larky song
And didn't know as it was wrong ;
To-morrow she will come and bring
The wicked song she heard me sing,
For she has grabbed my penny book
Of songs—for you to have a look ;
And I may lose my berth, you see,
Oh! sir, do pray speak up for me!"
"My boy," I answered, "you should try
To learn such songs as edify ;
But should Miss Grimgag call to-morrow
I will express to her your sorrow
At falling into this disgrace,
And see you do not lose your place.
But I am curious to know
What song displeased your mistress so."
The boy then grinned from ear to ear,
And, with a very comic leer,
He sang with voice both loud and clear—

" Young Mikey thought it very hard
His whiskers wouldn't show,
And bought a pound of splendid lard
To try and make them grow.



" He rubbed his face the whole of June,
And when the month was ended
They sprouted like a cheap birch-broom,
And frightened his intended."

Next day, I fondly thought that she
Would never think of troubling me
About this very silly song,
But soon discovered I thought wrong ;
For, glancing through the window-pane,
I saw Miss Grimgag in the lane.
" How captious," I exclaimed, " and sad
To scandalise this orphan lad,
And occupy a pastor's time
Discoursing on this brainless rhyme ;
I wish that I could something do
To stop this senseless interview."

An odd idea then crossed my mind :
I raised the window, closed the blind,
Then through a chink I gave a look
And saw her with the penny book.
I watched her push the little gate,
Approach my door, stop short, and wait ;
Then suddenly she looked astounded,
Moonstruck, incredulous, confounded,
With listening ears, and starting eyes,
She stood transfixed with mute surprise ;
She stared like an astonished owl,
Then, with a sanctimonious scowl
And parting look of deep dismay,
She turned sharp round, and went away,
For when she was about to ring
She heard me through the casement sing—

" Young Mikey thought it very hard
His whiskers wouldn't show,
And bought a pound of splendid lard
To try and make them grow.

" He rubbed his face the whole of June,
And when the month was ended
They sprouted like a cheap birch-broom,
And frightened his intended."

From the *Ryde Observer*.

B. M.



ALTHOUGH cadenzas were fashionable in the time of Handel, yet very few are found in his writings. The one at the conclusion of the duet, "O lovely peace" (*Judas Maccabaeus*), is an instance.

IT is not generally known that the distribution gratis of lithographed compositions amongst the members of a musical society is an invasion of the copyright of the proprietor.

THE vulture is said to fly at the rate of above 100 miles an hour. The carrier pigeon has been known to fly long distances at from 60 to 80 miles an hour.

The well-known proverbs, "Two heads are better than one," "Rome was not built in one day," "New broom swepth cleene," and many others, are very old, and are to be found in "Heywood's Proverbs," published in 1546.

